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FROM THE

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The surplus annual balance "shall be expended for books for the library."
— *Letter of Waldo Higginson, Jan. 10, 1893.*

Received Aug. 14, 1905.

The Temple of Glass

Cambridge (Eng.) university press.

[Facsimiles of rare 15th century books in the university library.]

The Temple of Glass
by
John Lydgate

Printed at Westminster
by William Caxton about the year
1477

Cambridge
at the University Press
1905

124 p 2.23.5
3

HARVARD COLLEGE
AUG 14 1905
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Lothian fund

The unique book here reprinted in facsimile came to the Cambridge University Library in a famous volume of tracts described by Mr Blades (Biography and Typography of W. Caxton, 1882, p. 201).

The volume had formed part of the collection of John Moore, Bishop of Ely, which was given to the University by King George the First in 1715.

The first leaf, which is wanting, was probably blank.

F. JENKINSON

I certify that I have printed 250 copies only of this facsimile, that the impressions have been rubbed off the plates and the negatives destroyed.

P. DUJARDIN

C. / Cantica

The temple of glas

For thought constreynt & greuous heynes
For penisshed and high distres
To bed I went now this other nyght
When that lucina with hir pale light
Was joyned last with phebus in aquarye
Amyd decembre, when of Januarye
Ther be kalendes of the new yere
And derk dyane horned and nothing clere
Had her beames vnder a mysty cloude
With in my bed for cold I gan me shroude
Al desolate for constraynt of my woo
The long nyght walowyng to and fro
Til at laste er I began take kepe
Me dyde oppresse a sodeyn dedly slepe
With in the whiche me thought I was
Rauysshed in spirite in to a temple of glas
I nyste how fer in wildernes
That founded was as by likelynes
Not vpon stele, but on a craggy roche
Lyke yse y froze, and as I did approche
Agayn the sonne that shone so clere

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As ony Cristal and ner ner and ner
As I cam nyghe this grisly dredful place
I wep astonyed, the light so in my face
Be gan to smyte, so persing euer in one
On euery part wher that I gan gone
That I ne might no thing as I wolde
Aboute me considere and beholde
The wonder estres for brightnes of the sonne
Til atte last certayn skyes donne
With wynde chaced han her cours y went
To sore the stremes of titan and y blent
So that I mighte with in and with oute
Wherso I wolde beholden me aboute
For to reporte the facōn and manere
Of all this place that was circuler
In compas wyse, round by entayle wrought
And whan I had longe gone and sought
I found a wiket and entred in as fast
In to the temple and myn eyen cast
On euery syde nolde lolde eft aloft
And right anon as I gan walken soft
Yf I the soth a right reporte shal
I salde depeynted upon a wal

From este to weste many a fair ymage
Of sondry louers lyke as they were of age
Y sette in ordre after they were twelfe
With lively colours wonder fresh of hue
And as me thought I sawe som sitte & som stāde
And some kneelyng with billes in their hande
And some with compleynt wofull & pietous
With doleful chere to putten to venus
So as she sat fleetyng in the see
Upon her woo forto haue pitee
And first of alle I saugh there of cartage
Dido the quene so goodly of visage
That gan compleyne hir auenture and cas
How she deceyued was of Eneas
For al his lestes and his othes sworn
And said alas that euer she was born
Whan she sawe that ded she must be
And nept I sawe the compleynt of Medee
How that she falsed was of Jason
And nygh by venus sawe I sitte atheon
And al the maner how the boor hym slough
For whom she wepte and had pyne ynough
Ther sawe I also how that penolope

For ſhe ſo longe her lordy ne mighte ſee
Was of colour both pale andy grene
Andy alter next was the freſh quene
Jmene alceſt the noble trewe wyf
Andy for admete hou ſhe loſt her lif
Andy for her trouth yf J ſhal not lye
How ſhe was tornedy in to a daiſye
Ther was Griſildes Jnocence
Andy al her mekenes andy pacience
There was eke Jſode & many other moo
Andy al the torment andy the cruel woo
That ſhe hady for triſtram al her lyue
Andy how that Tiſbe her hert dyde ryue
With thilk ſwerdy of ſir Piramus
Andy al the maner hou that Theſeus
The mynotaure ſlow amydy the hous
That was forwrynkedy by craft of dedalus
Whan he was in pryſon ſhut in Crete
Andy how that phillies felte of loues hete
The grete fyre of demephon allas
Andy for his falſhedy andy for his treſpas
Upon the walles depeynt men might ſee
How ſhe henge vpon a fylberdy tree

And many a story mor than I reckene can
Were in the temple, and how that paris wan
The fayr Eleyne a lusty fresh quene
And hou Achilles was for Policene
Y slayn vnwarly within Troye town
All this sawe I walkyng up and down
Ther sawe I wreton eke the hole tale
How Philomene in to a nyghtyngale
Y tornedy was, and proigne vnto a swalowe
And how the sabyns in their maner halowe
The feste of lucresse yet in Rome town
Ther sawe I also the sowle of Palamon
That he in prison felte and al the smert
And how that he thurgh vnto his hert
Was hurt vnwarly by castyng of an eye
Of fair fresh the lusty yong Emelye
And al the stryf bytwene hym & his brother
And how that one faught with that other
Within the grove, til they by Theseus
Accorded were as Chaucer telleth vs
And furthermore as I gan beholde
I sawe hou phebus with an awlbe of golde
Y wounded was thurgh out his syde

Only by enuye of the godd Cupyde
And how that dyane vnto a laurer tre
Y tourned was whan that she dide fle
And how that Joue changed his cope
Only for loue of the fair Europe
And in to a bole/whan he didd he fae
Liste of his godhed his fourme to transmue
And how that he by transmutacion
The shap gan take of Amphitrion
For Alcumena so passing was of beaute
So was he hurt for al his deyte
With louys dart/and might it not escape
Ther sawe J also how mars was take
Of Vulcanus and with venus founde
And with the cheynes Inuysible bounde
Ther was also al the pesye
Of hym Mercurye and al the philogye
And how that she for her sapience
Y wedded was to the godd of eloquence
And how the Muses lowly didd obeye
High in to heuyn this lady to conueye
And with her songe how she was magnefied
With Jubiter there to be stellefied

And vppermore depeynt men might see
How with her ryng the goodly canace
Of every fowle, the leydons and songe
Coude vnderstond as she walked them among
And how her brother so often holpen was
In his myschief, by the stede of brass
And furthermore in the temple were
Ful many a thousand louers here & there
In sondry wyse redy to compleyne
Vnto the goddesse, of her woo and peyne
How they were hyndred som for envye
And how the serpent of fals Jelousie
Ful many a louer hath put a back
And causeles on them haue leid a lack
And some ther were that playned on absence
That were exiled and put out of presence
Thurgh wicked tunges and fals suspecõn
Withoute mercy or ony remissiõn
And other eke her seruyse spent in veyn
And of her lady were not loued ageyn
And other eke that for poverte
Dursten in no wyse her grete aduersite
Discouere ne opene, left they were refused

The temple of glas

For thought constreynt & greuous heynes
For perisshed and high distres
To bed I went nowe this other nyght
When that lucina with hir pale light
Was joyned last with phebus in aquarye
Amyd decembre, when of Januarye
Ther be kalendes of the newe yere
And derk dyane horned and nothing clere
Had her beames vnder a mysty cloude
With in my bed for cold I gan me shroude
Al desolate for constraynt of my woo
The long nyght walowyng to and fro
Til at laste er I began take kepe
Me dyde oppresse a sodeyn dedly slepe
With in the whiche me thought I was
Rauysshed in spirite in to a temple of glas
I nyste how fer in wildernes
That founded was as by likelynes
Not vpon stele, but on a craggy roche
Lyke yse y froze, and as I did approche
Against the sonne that shone so clere

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As ony Cristal and euer ner and ner
As I cam nyghe this grisly dredful place
I wep astonyed, the light so in my face
He gan to smyte, so persing euer in one
On euery part wher that I gan gone
That I ne might no thing as I wolde
Aboute me considere and beholde
The wonder estres for brightnes of the sonne
Til atte last certayn skyes donne
With wynde chased han her cours y wente
To fore the stremes of titan and y blente
So that I mighte with in and with oute
Wherso I wolde beholden me aboute
For to reporte the facon and manere
Of all this place that was circuler
In compas wyse, round by entayle wrought
And whan I had longe gone and sought
I found a wiket and entred in as fast
In to the temple and myn eyen cast
On euery syde now lowe eft alofte
And right anon as I gan walken softe
Yf I the soth a right reporte shal
I sawe depeynted vpon a wal

From este to weste many a fair ymage
Of sondry louers lyke as they were of age
Y sette in ordre after they were twelfe
With liuely colours wonder fresh of hue
And as me thought I sawe som sitte & som stāde
And some kneelyng with billes in their hande
And some with compleynt wofull & pietous
With doleful chere to putten to venus
So as she sat fleetyng in the see
Upon her woo forto haue pitee
And first of alle I saugh there of cartage
Dido the quene so goodly of visage
That gan compleyne hir auenture and cas
How she decepued was of Eneas
For al his hestes and his othes sworn
And said alas that euer she was born
Whan she sawe that ded she must be
And nept I sawe the compleynt of Medee
How that she falsed was of Jason
And nygh by venus sawe I sitte atheon
And al the maner how the boor hym slough
For whom she wepte and had pyne ynough
Ther sawe I also how that penolope

For ſhe ſo longe her lordy ne mighte ſee
Was of colour bothe pale andy gvene
Andy alter nept Was the freſh quene
I mene alceſt the noble trewe Wyf
Andy for admete hou ſhe loſt her lif
Andy for her trouth yf I ſhal not lye
HoW ſhe Was tornedy in to a dayſye
Ther Was Griſildes Innocence
Andy al her mekenes andy pacience
There Was eke Iſode & many other moo
Andy al the torment andy the cruel Woo
That ſhe hady for triſtram al her lyue
Andy hoW that Triſte her hert dyde ryue
With thilk ſWerdy of ſir Piramus
Andy al the maner hou that Theſeus
The mynotaure ſloW amydy the hous
That Was forWrynkedy by craft of dedalus
Whan he Was in pryſon ſhut in Crete
Andy hoW that phillies felte of loues hete
The grete fyre of demephon allas
Andy for his falſhedy andy for his trespas
Vpon the Walles depeynt men might ſee
HoW ſhe henge Vpon a fylberdy tree

And many a story mor than I reken can
Were in the temple/and how that paris wan
The fayr Eleyne a lusty fresh quene
And how Achilles was for Policene
Y slayn vnwarly within Troye town
Al this salle I walkyng up and down
Ther salle I wreton eke the hole tale
How philomene in to a nyghtyngale
Y tornedy was/and proigne vnto a swalowe
And how the sabyns in their maner halowe
The feste of lucresse yet in Rome town
Ther salle I also the sorow of palamon
That he in prison felte and al the smert
And how that he thurgh vnto his hert
Was hurt vnwarly by castyng of an eye
On fair fresh the lusty yong Emelye
And al the stryf bytwene hym & his brother
And how that one faught with that other
Within the grove/til they by Theseus
Acordedy were as Chaucer telleth vs
And furthermore as I gan behold
I salle how phebus with an awlbe of golde
Y woundedy was thurgh out his syde

Only by enuye of the godd Cuppde
And how that dyane vnto a lauer tre
Y tornedd was whan that she dide fle
And how that Joue changedd his cope
Only for loue of the fair Europe
And in to a bole/whan he didd he fue
Liste of his godhedd his fourme to transmue
And hou that he by transmutacion
The shap gan take of Amphitrion
For Alcumena so passingd was of beaute
So was he hurt for al his deyte
With louys dart/and might it not escape
Ther salde J also how mars was take
Of Vulcanus and with venus founde
And with the cheynes Jnuysible bounde
Ther was also al the poesye
Of hym Mercurye and al the philogye
And how that she for her sapience
Y weddedd was to the godd of eloquence
And how the Muses lowly didd obeye
High in to heuyn this lady to conueye
And with her songe hou she was magnefiedd
With Jubiter there to be stellefiedd

And vppermore depeynt mey might see
How with her ryng the goodly tanace
Of every fowle, the leydons and songe
Coude vnderstond as she walked them among
And how her brother so oftey holpey was
In his myschief, by the stede of bras
And furthermore in the temple were
Ful many a thousand louers here & there
In sondry wyse redy to compleyne
Vnto the goddesse, of her woo and peyne
How they were hyndred fom for enuye
And how the serpent of fals Jelousie
Ful many a louer hath put a back
And auseles on them haue leid a lack
And some ther were that playned on absence
That were eyled and put out of presence
Thurgh wicked tunges and fals suspecõn
Withoute mercy or ony vemissiõn
And other eke her seruyse spent in feyn
And of her lady were not loued ageyn
And other eke that for poueite
Durstey in no wyse her grete aduersite
Discouere ne opene, left they were refused

And some for wantyng also were accused
And other eke that louedy secretly
And of her lady durst aye no mercy
Lest that she wolde of hym haue despyte
And some also that putten right grete wite
On double louers that loue thynges newe
Thurgh whos falsenes hyndredy be the trewe
And som there were as hit is ofte founde
That for her lady many a blody wounde
Endured hath in many a regyon
Whiles that ay other hath hady possession
Al of his lady and reveth a way the fruyt
Of his labour and of all his suyt
And other compleyned of richesse
Holde he with tresour doth his kesynesse
To wyme agaynst al kynde and right
Where as true louers haue force none ne might
And sony ther were as maydyns yong of age
That pleyneth so with pipyng & with rage
That were coupled agayn al nature
With crokedy elde that may not long endure
For to persourme the lust of loues playe
For hit ne sit not vnto fresh maye

For to be coupled to olde Januarye
They be so dyuerse that they must varye
For elde is grauchynge and malencolious
Ay ful of ye and suspectious
And yongth entendeth to Joye & lustynes
To mirth and play and to al gladnes
Allas that euer hit sholde falle
So swete fugre y coupled be to galle
These yonge folke cryeden oft sithe
And praid lemis her power to kythe
Upon this myschief and shape remedye
And right anone I herde other crye
With sobbynge teres and pietous sowne
To fore the goddesse by lamentacion
That were constrayned in their yougthe
And in childhode as is ofte couthe
Y entrid were in to religion
Or they had yeris of discrescōn
That al her lif can not but compleyne
In wyde Copes perfection for to feyne
Ful couertly for to coueren thair smert
And shewe the contrary of thair hert
Thus saw I wepe many a fair mayde

The temple of glas

For thought constreynt & greuous heynes
For penisshedy and high distres
To bedy I went now this other nyght
When that lucina with hir pale light
Was Joynedy last with phebus in aquarye
Amydy decembre, when of Januarye
Ther be kalendes of the new yere
And derk dyane hornedy and nothingy clere
Hady her beames vnder a mysty cloude
With in my bedy for coldy I gan me shroude
Al desolate for constraynt of my woo
The longy nyght walowyngy to and fro
Til at laste er I began take kepe
Me dyde oppresse a sodeyn dedly slepe
With in the whiche me thought I was
Rauysshedy in spirytte in to a temple of glas
I nyste how fer in wildernes
That foundedy was as by likelynes
Not vpon stele, but on a cragay roche
Lyke yse y froze, andy as I didy approche
Agayn the sonne that shone so clere

7 JUN 77

As ony Cristal and euer ner and ner
As I cam nygh this grisly dredful place
I wey astonyed, the light so in my face
He gan to smyte, so persing euer in one
On euery part wher that I gan gone
That I ne might no thing as I wolde
Aboute me considere and beholde
The wonder estres for brightnes of the sonne
Til atte last certayn skyes donne
With wynde chased hay her cours y went
To fore the stremes of titan and y blent
So that I mighte with in and with oute
Wherso I wolde beholden me aboute
For to reporte the facōn and manere
Of all this place that was circuler
In compas wyse, round by entayle wrought
And whan I had longe gone and sought
I found a wiket and entred in as fast
In to the temple and myn eyen cast
On euery syde nolw lolwe eft alofte
And right anon as I gan walken softe
Yf I the soth a right reporte shal
I salwe depeynted vpon a wal

From este to weste many a fair ymage
Of sondry louers lyke as they were of age
Y sette in order after they were trewe
With liuely colours wonder fresh of hue
And as me thought I sawe some sitte & some stāde
And some kneelyng with billes in their hande
And some with complaynt wofull & pietous
With doleful chere to putten to venus
So as she sat fleetyng in the see
Upon her woo sorto haue pitee
And first of alle I saugh there of cartage
Dido the quene so goodly of visage
That gan compleyne hir auenture and cas
How she deceyued was of Eneas
For al his hestes and his othes sworn
And said alas that euer she was born
Whan she sawe that ded she must be
And next I sawe the compleynt of Medee
How that she falsed was of Jason
And nygh by venus sawe I sitte atheon
And al the maner how the boor hym slough
For whom she wepte and had pyne ynough
Ther sawe I also how that penolope

For ſhe ſo longe her lordy ne mighte ſee
Was of colour hothe pale andy gvene
Andy alter nept Was the freſh quene
Jmene alceſt the noble trewe Wyf
Andy for admete hou ſhe loſt her lif
Andy for her trouth yf J ſhal not lye
How ſhe Was tornedy in to a daiſye
Ther Was Griſildes Jmocence
Andy al her mekenes andy pacience
There Was eke Jſode & many other moo
Andy al the torment andy the cruel Woo
That ſhe hady for triſtram al her lyue
Andy how that Tiſbe her hert dyde ryue
With thilk ſwerdy of ſir Piramus
Andy al the maner hou that Theſeus
The mynotaure ſlow amydy the hous
That Was forwrynkedy by craft of dedalus
Whany he Was in pryſon ſhut in Crete
Andy how that phillies felte of louès hete
The grete fyre of demephon allas
Andy for his falſhedy andy for his treſpas
Vpon the Walles depeynt men might ſee
How ſhe henge Vpon a fylberdy tree

And many a story mor than I rehere can
Were in the temple, and how that paris wan
The fayr Eleyne a lusty fresh quene
And how Achilles was for Policene
Y slayn vnwarly within Troye town
All this sawe I walkyng up and down
Ther sawe I wreton eke the hole tale
How Philomene in to a nyghtyngale
Y tornedy was, and proigne vnto a swalowe
And how the sabyns in their maner halowe
The feste of lucresse yet in Rome town
Ther sawe I also the sowle of Palamon
That he in prison felte and al the smert
And how that he thurgh vnto his hert
Was hurt vnwarly by castyng of an eye
Of fair fresh the lusty yongh Emelye
And al the stryf bytwene hym & his brother
And how that one faught with that other
Within the grove, til they by Theseus
Acordedy were as Chaucer telleth vs
And furthermore as I gan behold
I sawe how phebus with an awlwe of golde
Y woundedy was thurgh out his syde

Only by enuye of the gody Cuppde
And how that dyane Vnto a lauer tre
Y tornedy Was Whay that she dide fle
And how that Joue changedy his cope
Only for loue of the fair Europe
And in to a hole/Whay he didy he fue
Liste of his godhedy his fourme to transmue
And hou that he by transmutacion
The shap gay take of Amphitrion
For Alcumena so passingy Was of beaute
So Was he hurt for al his deyte
With louys dart/andy might it not escape
Ther salde J also how mars Was take
Of Vulcanus andy With venus founde
And With the cheynes Inuysible hounde
Ther Was also al the pesye
Of hym Mercurye andy al the philogye
And how that she for her sapience
Y Weddedy Was to the gody of eloquence
And how the Muses lowly didy obeye
High in to heuyn this lady to conueye
And With her songe hou she Was magnefiedy
With Jubiter there to be stellefiedy

And vppermore depeynt men might see
How with her ryng the goodly auace
Of auery folke, the leydons and songe
Coude vnderstond as she walked them among
And how her brother so oftey holpen was
In his myschief, by the stede of bras
And furthermore in the temple were
Ful many a thousand louers here & there
In sondry wyse redy to compleyne
Vnto the goddesse, of her woo and peyne
How they were hyndred som for enuye
And how the serpent of fals Jelousie
Ful many a louer hath put a back
And causeles on them haue leid a lack
And some ther were that playned on absence
That were exiled and put out of presence
Thurgh wicked tunges and fals suspecõn
Withoute mercy or ony remissiõn
And other eke her seruyse spent in leyn
And of her lady were not loued ageyn
And other eke that for pouerte
Durstey in no wyse her grete aduersite
Discouere ne opene, left they were refused

And some for Wantyng also were accused
And other eke that loued secretly
And of her lady durst aye no mercy
Lest that she wolde of hym haue despyte
And some also that putten right grete wite
Ou double louers that loue thinges nelle
Thurgh whos falsenes hyndred be the trelle
And som there were as hit is ofte founde
That for her lady many a blody wounde
Endured hath in many a regyon
Whiles that ay other hath hir possession
Al of his lady and bereth a way the fruyt
Of his labour and of alle his suyt
And other compleyned of richesse
How he with tresour doth his besynesse
To wyme agayns al kynde and right
Where as true louers haue force none ne might
And sony ther were as maydyns yong of age
That pleyneth so with pipyng & with rage
That were coupled agayn al nature
With aolted elde that may not long endure
For to persourme the lust of loues playe
For hit ne sit not vnto fresh maye

For to be coupledy to olde Januarye
They be so dyuerse that they must varye
For elde is grucchyngy andy malencolious
Ay ful of yre andy suspecious
Andy yongth entendeth to Joye & lustynes
To mirth andy play andy to al gladnes
Allas that euer hit sholdy falle
So swete fugre y coupledy be to galle
These yonge folke cryedey oft sithe
Andy praidy Venus her power to kythe
Upon this myschief andy shape remedye
Andy right anone I herde other crye
With sobbyngy teres andy pietous sowne
To fore the goddesse by lamentacion
That were constraynedy in their yougthe
Andy in childhode as is ofte couthe
Y entridy were in to Religion
Or they hady yeris of discrescōn
That al her lif cay not but compleyne
In wyde Copes perfection forto feyne
Ful couertly for to couerey thair smert
Andy shewe the contrary of thair hert
Thus salb I wepe many a fair mayde

That on theyr frendes al the wyte thay layde
And other nyet I sawe ther in grete rage
That they were maryed in theyr tendre age
With oute fredom of fre election
Where loue hath sekde domynacion
For loue at large and at liberte
Wolde frely chese and not with suche trete
And other sawe I ful ofte wepe and wrynge
That they in meny sonde suche varyynge
To loue a season whyle that beaulte flourish
And after by disdayn so vngoodly lourish
On her that whylom he callyd his lady dere
That was to hym so playsant and entier
But lust with fairnes is so ouer goon
That in her herte trouthe abideth noon
And some also I sawe in teres reyne
And pietously on godd and kynde pleyne
That euer they wold on ony creature
So mocke beaute passyng be mesure
Sette on a woman to yeue occasion
A man to loue to his confusion
And namely there where he shal haue no grace
For with a loke forth by as he doth pace

Ful ofte falleth thurgh castyng of an eye
A man is woundedy that he must nedis dye
That neuer peraunter after he shal her see
Why wil godyn doy so grete a cruelte
To ony man/or to his creature
To make hym so muche woo endure
For her/peraas/whom he shal in no wyse
Reioyse neuer/but so forth in Juyse
Lede his lif til that he be graue
For he ne durst of hir no mercy craue
Andy eke paunter though he durst & wolde
He can not wite where he hir fyndy sholde
I salde ther eke/andy therof hady I wuthe
That somy were hyndredy by couetyse & slougthe
Andy some also for their hastynes
Andy other eke for their rechelesnes
But altherlast as I walkedy andy beheldde
Beside pallas with her Cristal sheldy
Tofore the statue of venus set on height
Ther kneledy a lady in my sight
To fore the goddesse/whiche as the sonne
Passeth the sterris/andy eke the stormys donne
Andy lucifer to loyde the nyghtes sowlde

In clerenes passeth erly the morowe
And so as maye hath the soueryne
Of every moneth the fayrnes and beaute
And as the Rose in swetnes and odour
Surmounted flouris/and kame of al flour
Hath the pryse/and as the rubye bryght
Of al stones in beaute and in sight
As it is knowe hath the Regalye
Right so this ladye with her goodly eye
And with the stremys of hir loke so bright
Surmounteth al thourgh beaute in my sight
That for to tel her grete semelnes
Her Womanhed her porte and her fairnes
Hit was a meruayle/how euer that nature
Cowde in her werkes make a creature
So angelyk so goodly on to see
So femynyn or passing of beaute
Whos sonnysh heer brighter than gold wire
Lyche phebus beames shynyng in his fyre
The goodlihed eke of her fresh face
So replenysshed of beaute and of grace
So wel emelwed by nature and depeynt
As Rose and lilyes to gyder were meynt

So egally by goody proporcion
That as me tought by myn inspection
I gan meruayle how goody or werk of kynde
Mighten of beaute suche a tresour fynde
To yeuen hir so passing excellence
For in goody faith thurgh her hye presence
The temple was enlumyned anuyon
And forto speke of her condicion
She was the beste that might be on lyue
For ther was none ꝑ with her might stryue
To speke of bounte or of gentilesse
Of womanhede or of lowlynesse
Of curtoysie or of goodlihede
Of speche of chere or of semelihede
Of port benigne or of daliaunce
The best taught and therto of playsaunce
She was the welle eke of honeste
Ay Examplaire and mirrour eke was she
Of secretnes of trouthe of feithfulnes
And to alle other lady and maistres
To shewe vertu who so list to lere
And so this lady right humble of chere
Kneling I salue/clad in grene and whyte

To fore venus goddesse of al delyte
Embrowded al with stones and perre
So richely that Joye it was to see
With sondry rolles on her garnement
For teyphone the trouth of her entent
To shewe fully that for her humblesse
And for her vertu and her stablenesse
That she was rote of al womanly playsance
Therfore her Bordy withoute variance
Embrowded was as men might see
De mieuly en mieuly with stones of perre
This is to sayne that she was so benygne
From better to better her hert doth resigne
And al her wyll to venus the goddesse
Whan that her list her harmes to redresse
For as me thought somwhat by her chere
For to compleyne she hady grete desire
For in her handy she heldy a lityl bylle
For to declare the fume of al her wylle
And to the goddesse her quarel for to shewe
The effect of whiche was in wordes fewe

The copye of the supplicacion.

O lady venus moder of cupyde
That in this worldy hast the gouernance
Andy hertes hye that hawteyn be by pryde
Enclynest mekely to thyn obeyssance
Causer of Joye pelees of penance
And with thy stremes canst euery thing discern
Thurgh heuenly fire of loue that is eterny

O blessful sterre persaunt andy ful of light
Of beames gladsomy/deuoyder of derknes
Chief recomfort after the blak nyght
To loyde woful hertes out of theyr heynes
Take nowb goody hede lady andy goddesse
So that my bille may your grace attayne
Redresse to fynde of that I me compleyne

For I amy bounde to thingy that I nolde
Frely to chese ther lack I liberte
Andy so I want of that myn herte wolde
The body is knyt/though my thought be fre
So that I muste of necessite
My hertes lyst outwardy contrarye
Though we be ony the dede muste varye

My worship sauf I fayle election
Agayn al right both of gody and kynde
Therto be knyt vnder subiection
For whens for both ar out of mynde
My thought goth furth my body is behynde
For I am here/and yondy my remembrance
Betwene two so hange I in balance

Deuoyde of Joye/of woo I haue plente
What I desire/that may I not possede
For that I nolde is redy ay to me
And that I loue/for to sue I drede
To my desire contrary is my mede
And thus I stonde departedy in tweyne
Of wyll and dede placedy in a cheyne

For though I breme with feruence & hete
Withyn myn herte I mote compleyne of colde
And by expresse though I swelte and swete
Me to compleyne gody wote I am not bolde
Vnto no wight/ner one wordy vnfolde
Of al my peyne/allas the hardy stounde
The hotter that I breme/ꝑ colder is my wounde

For he that hath myn hert feythfully
And hool my loue in al honeste
Withoute chaunge al be hit secretly
I haue no space with hym for to be
O lady venus consider now and see
Unto thesffecte and compleynt of my hyll
Sith lyf and deth I put all in thy wyll

And tho me thought the goddes did enclyne
Mekely her hede and softly gan expresse
That in short tyme her torment shold fyne
And how of hym for whom al her distresse
Contynned had and al her heuynesse
She shold haue Joye and of her purgatorye
Be holpen sone and so lyue forth in glorye

And said doughter for thy sad trouthe
Thy faithful menyng and Innocence
That planted be with outen onyslouthe
In your persone deuoyed of al offence
So hay they atteyned to our audience
That with our grace ye shal be wel releyed
I you behete of al that hath you greuyd

And for that ye be euer of one entent
Withoute chaunge or mutabilyte
And in your paynes bey so pacient
To take lowly your aduersyte
And that so longe thurgh the cruelte
Of olde saturne my fader vnfortuned
Your woo shal now no lenger be continued

And thinketh thys with in a litil whyle
Hit shal a swage and ouer passey sone
For mey by layfir passey many a myle
And ofte after a droppyng mone
The weder cleretb, and whay ỳ storme is done
The sonne shyneth in his syyer bright
And Joye waketh whay woo is putto flight

Remembre eke how neuer yet no wight
Ne cam to worship with out sony debate
And folke veroyse also more of light
That they with derknes were wapedy & mate
No mans chance is alleway fortunate
Ne no wight meyseth of sugre the swetnes
But they to sore haue tasted bitternes

Griselde was assayed alle full
That tornedy after to encrese of Joye
Penelope gan eke for sowes dulle
For that her lordy abode so longy at troye
Also the torment ther coude noman acoye
Of dorygene flour of al Bretaigne
Thus euer Joye is fyn andy ende of payne

Andy trusteth this for conclusion
The ende of sowe is Joye loyde of drede
For hoolly seyntes thurgh her passion
Haue heuyn Wonne by their souerany mede
Andy plente gladly foloweth after nede
Andy so my doughter after your greuaunce
I you behote ye shal haue ful plesaunce

For euer of loue the maner andy the gyse
Is for to hurte his seruaunt & to Wounde
Andy Whan he hath taught them his empryse
He cay in Joye make them to habounde
Andy sith that ye haue in my laas be bounde
With oute gruchyngy or rebellyon
Ye muste of right haue consolacion

This to sayne doweth neuer a deel
That ye shal haue ful possession
Of hym that ye now cherisshe so weel
In honest maner with oute offencion
By cause I knowe youre entencion
Is truly sette in party and in all
To loue hym best and most in speciall

For he that ye haue chosen you to serue
Shal be to you suche as ye desire
With oute chaunge fully til he sterue
So with my bronde I haue sette hym a fyre
And with my grace I shal hym so enspyre
That he in herte shal be right at your wylle
Wherso you liste to saue hym or to spylle

For vnto you I shal his herte so lowe
With oute spotte of ony doblenesse
That he ne shal escape from the bowe
Thaugh that hym self by vnstedfastnesse
I mene of cupide that shal hym so distresse
Vnto your honde with thawowe of golde
That he ne shal escapen thaugh he wolde

And sith ye lust of pyte and of grace
In vertu only his yonghthe to cherisshe
I shal by aspectes of my benigne face
Make hym teschewe every syme and vice
So that he shal haue no maner spice
In his corage to loue thinges newe
He shal to yow so playn be found and trewe

And whan this goodly fair fresshe of hue
Humible and benygne of trouth crop & rote
Conceyued had how venus gan to rewe
On her prayer plainly to do bote
To chaunge her bitter attones in to sote
She fyl on knees of high deuocion
And in this wyse began her orison

Hyghest of hye quene and Emperice
Goddesse of loue, of good yet the best
That thurgh your beaute without vice
Whylom conquerd thapel atte fest
That Jubiter thurgh his hye request
To alle the godes aboue celestyal
Made in his palais most Imperyal

To you my lady vpholder of my lyf
Mekely I thanke so as I may suffise
That ye list nowe with herte entenyf
So graciously for me to deuyse
That whyle I lyue with humble sacrefise
Upon your auters your fest yer by yer
I shal encence austen in to the fyre

For of your grace I am ful reconsiled
From euery trouble vnto iope and ease
That sorowes alle be from me exiled
Sith ye my lady list nowe appease
My paynes olde and sulle my disease
Unto gladnes so sodenly to torne
Hauyng no cause from hens forth to morne

For sithen ye so mekely liste to daunte
To my seruise hym that loueth me best
And of your bounte so graciously to graunte
That he ne shal varye though hym leste
Wherof myn herte is fully brought to reste
For nowe and euer o lady myn benigne
That hert and will I holy to you resigne

Thankyng you with al my ful herte
That of your grace and visitacion
So humble liste hym to conuerte
Fully to bey at my subiection
Without chaunge or transmutacion
Unto his laste/now laude and reuerence
Be to your name and excellence

This al and sum and chief of my request
And hool substance of my ful entente
You thankyng euer of your graunt & hest
Both now and euer that ye me grace sent
To conquer hym that neuer shal repent
Me for to serue and humblye for to please
As fynal tresour of my hertes ease

And thay anon venus cast a doun
In to her lappe braunches whyte and greene
Of hawthorn that wenten enuyron
Aboute her heed that ioye was to sene
And bad her kepe hem honestly and clene
Whiche shold not fade ne neuer were olde
Yf she her biddyng kepe as she hath told

And as these bowes be both fair and swete
Folowe theffecte that they do specifye
This is to seyne both in cold and hete
Be ye of one hert and of one fantasye
As ar these leues which may not dye
By no duresse of stormes that be kene
Nomore in wynter than in somer grene

Right so by ensample of wele or woo
For joye torment or for aduersite
Whether so fortune fauoure/or be foo
For pouert riches or prosperyte
That ye your hert kepe in on degre
To loue hym best for no thing that ye fyne
Whom I haue bound so low vnder your cheyne

And with ꝑ word the goddesse shoke her heed
And was in pees a spack as tho nomore
And therwith all ful femynyn of dede
Me thought this lady sighen gan ful sore
And said agayn/lady that maist restore
Hertes in joye from theyr aduersite
To do your wil de mieulx en mieulx ma gree

Thus euer slepyng dremyng as I laye
Withyn the temple me thought I saye
Grete prees of folk with murmur wonderful
To croude and shoue, the temple was so ful
Euerich ful besy, in his owne cause
That I ne may shortly in a clause
Discriuen alle the rites and the guyse
And eke I wante comyng to deuyse
How some ther were with bloody encence & milk
And some with flouris sote & softe as silk
And some with spawes & douues whyte
That for to offren gan hem delyte
Unto the goddesse with sighe and prayer
Hem to release of that they most desire
That for the prees shortly to conclude
I wente my way for the multitude
Me for to refresh out of the prees allone
And by my self me thought as I gan gone
Within the estres and gan a whyle tarye
I sawe a man that walked al solitarye
That as me semed for heynes and dole
Hym to complayne, that he walked so sole
Withoute espyyng of ony other wight

And yf I shal discryuen hym a right
Yf that he had not ben in heynes
Me thought he was, to speke of semelines
Of shap of fourme, and also of stature
The most passing, that euer yet nature
Made in her werkes, and lyke to be a may
And ther with al as I reherce ay
Of face and chere the most gracyous
To be biloued happy and eloquous
But as it semed outward by his chere
That he complayned for lack of his desire
For by hym self as he walked up and down
I herde hym make a lamentacion
And said alas, what thing may this be
That now am bonde that whylom was fre
And wente at large at myn election
Now am I caught vnder subiection
For to become a seruy homager
To god of loue, wher er I am here
Felt in myn herte, nought of loues peyne
But now of newe, within hur firy cheyne
I am embraced so that I may not stryue
To serue and loue whyle I am on lyue

The godly fresse in the temple ponder
I salde right nowe, that I hadd wonder
Howe euer godd, for to vetere all
Might make a thing so celestiall
So angellike on erthe to appere
For with the stremes of her eyen clere
I am woundedd euen to the hert
That fro the deth I may not astert
Andd most I meruayle that so sodenly
I was so yolde to be at hur mercy
Withoute more, I muste her lust obeye
Whether that she liste me to lyue or deye
Andd take mekely my sodeyn auenture
For sith my lif, my deth, andd ele my cure
Is in her handd it wil not auayll
To grutche agayn, for of this batayll
The palme is heris, andd plainly the victorye
Yf I vetellidd honour none ne glorye
I might not in ony wyse achyeue
Sith I am yoldeu, howe sholdd I theme preue
To venne awey, I wote hit wil not be
Though I be loos, at large I may not fle
O godd of loue howe sharp is nowe thyn awlbe

How mayst thou now so cruelly and so rawlye
With oute cause hurte me and wounde
And takest none hede my sowlles to sounde
But liche a birde that fleeth at her desire
Tyl sodeynly Withyn the pantere
She is caught thaugh late she was at large
Anelye tempest forcasteth now my barge
Now up now doun/ With wynd it is so blowe
So am I possed and almost overthrowe
For drye in derknes of many sondry walle
Alas when shal this tempest overdralle
To clere the skyes of myn aduersite
The lode sterre when that I ne may see
Hit is so hid With clowdes that be blake
Alas when wyll this torment overslake
I am not wyte/ for who is hurt of nelle
And bledeth inward til he wey pale of hue
And hath his wound vnwarly fressh & grene
And hit is not couthe vnto the harmes kene
Of myghty arrye that can so hertes daunte
That no man may in his warre hym vaunte
To gete a prye but only by mekenes
For ther ne vayleth stryf ne sturdynes

So may I sayne that with a loke am polde
And have no power to strynge thaugh I wolde
Thus stonde I euer betwix lif and deth
To loue and serue whyle I haue breth
In sache a place where I dar not pleyne
Liche hym that is in torment and in peyne
And knoweth not to whom to discure
For ther that I haue holly set my aure
I dar not wel for drede ne for daunger
And for vnknowen tellen how the fyre
Of loues bronde is kyndled in my breste
Thus am I murdred and slayn atte leste
So priuely within my thought
O lady venus whom I haue sought
So wysse me now what me is best to doo
That am distraught with my self so
That I ne wote what way for to torne
Sauf by my self soleyn for to morne
Hangyng in balance betwix hope and drede
With oute comfort remedye or rede
For hope biddeth pursue and assaye
And agaynward drede answerth naye
And now with hope I am set a lofte

But drede and daunger hardy & nothyng soofte
Hath ouerthrowe my trust and put a doun
Now at my large/now fetred in prisoun
Now in torment/now in souerayn glorye
Now in paradyse and now in purgatorye
As may dispayred in a double were
Sorry sp with hope/and thene anon daunger
Me drawetb aback/and saith it shal not be
For where as I of myne aduersite
Am bolde somwhyle mercy to requyre
Theme cometh dispair & gymmeth me to lere
A newe lesson to hope sul the contrary
They be so diuerse they wil do me varye
And thus I stand dismayed in a traunce
For whan that hope were likly me tauaunce
For drede I tremble & dar one word not speke
And yf hit so be/that I not out breke
To telle the harmes that greuey me so sore
But in my self encrece them more and more
And so be slayn fully me delyte
When of my deth she is nothing to wyte
For but yf she my constreynt plainly knewe
How shold she euer/on my peynes rue

Thus oft tyme with hope I am meuyd
To tel her all, how I am greuyd
And to be hardy on me for to take
To aye mercy, but drede doth me thene awake
And than Wanhop answerth me agayn
That better were than she haue disdayn
To dye attones vnknowe of ony wight
And ther with all bideth hope anon right
Me, to be bold and prayen her of grace
And sith alle vertues be portreyd in her face
Hit were not sittyng, that pyte were behynde
And right anon withyn my self I fynde
A newe plee brought on me with drede
That me so maseth that I see no spede
Be cause he saith that stonyeth al my blood
I am so symple and she is so good
Thus hope & drede in me wyl not sece
To plete and strywe my harmys to encrece
But at hardest yet or I be dede
Of my distresse sith I can no rede
But stande dom styl as ony stone
To fore the goddesse I wil me haste anon
And compleyne with oute more sermon

Though deth be fyn and ful conclusion
Of my request, yet I wyl assaye
And right anon me thought I saye
This woful may as I haue memorye
Ful lowly entre in to an oratorye
And kneling a down in ful humble wyse
To sore the goddesse and gan anon deuyse
His pitous quarel with a doleful chere
Sayng right this as ye shall here

The complaynt of the may.

Redresse of sorow O Citherea
That with the stremys of thy playsaunt hete
Gladest the mounte of al Cirrea
Where thou hast chosen thy paleys and sete
Whos bright beames ley wesshen and wete
In the ryuer of Elycon the welle
Haue now pyte of that I shal you telle

And not desdayne ye of your benygnyte
My mortal woo O lady myn goddesse
Of grace and bounte & mercyful pyte
Benygnely to helpe and to redresse
And thaugh so be I cay not wel expresse
The greuous harmes that I fele in my herte
Haue neuer yet the lesse mercy of my smerte

This is to sayne O cler heuenes light
That next the sonne sercledy hay your spere
Sith ye me hurte with your dredful myght
By influence of your beames clere
And that I by your seruyse now so dere
As ye me brought in to this maladye
Be ye gracyous and shape ye remedye

For in you hooly stedy help of al this cras
And knowe best my sowl and al my payne
For drede of deth, how I ne dar allas
To axen mercy ones, ne me compleyne
Now with your fyre her hert so constrayne
With oute more, or I deye atte leste
That she may witte what is my request

Sergio Mazzotti

How I no thyng in al this World desire
But for to serue fully to myn ende
That goodly fresche so Womanly of chere
Without chaunge Whyle I haue lyf & mynde
And that ye Wold sache grace sende
Of my seruyse that she not disdeyne
Sithen her to serue I may not me restreyne

And sith that hope me hath yeue hardynes
To loue her best and neuer to repente
Whylis that I lyue With al my besynes
To drede & serue, thaugh daunger neuer assente
And here vpon ye knowe myn entente
How I haue Wowed fully in myn mynde
To ben her may, thaugh I no mercy fynde

For in my hert empryntedn is so sore
Her shap her forme & al her semelynes
Her port her chere, her godenes more & more
Her Womanhedn and eke her gentiles
Her trouth, her faith and her kyndnes
With alle vertues eche set in her degre
Ther is no lack, sauyng only of pyte

Her sadȝ demeynȝ of wyl not variable
Of loke benygne/andȝ wote of al plesance
Andȝ exemplayre to alle that wyl be stable
Discrete prudent of wisedom sufficiance
Mirrour of witte groundȝ of gouernance
A worldȝ of beaute compassedȝ in her face
Whos persant loke doth thurgh myhert race

Andȝ ouer this wonder secrete andȝ true
A wel of fredome andȝ right bounteous
Andȝ euer encreasynȝ in vertu neb & nebe
Of speche goodly/andȝ wonder gracyous
Deundȝ of pyde/to poure not despytous
Andȝ yf that I shortly shal not feyne
Saue vpon mercȝ I no thingȝ compleyne

What wonder the me/though I be with drede
Inly suprisedȝ for to aqueȝ grace
Of her that is quene of womanhede
For wel I wote in so high a place
Hit wil not be/therfore I ouer pace
Andȝ take lowly what wo I endure
Til she of pyte me take to her cure

But one auoue plainly here I make
That whether so he, she do me lyue or deye
I wil not grucche, but humbly hit take
And thanke gody and wilfully obeye
For by my trouth my hert shal neuer venyeye
For lyf ne deth mercy ne daunger
Of wil and thought to be at her desire

To bey as trewe as euer was antonyus
To cleopatre whyle hym lasteth breth
Or vnto thyste yong Piramus
That was faithful foundy, til them deptidy deth
Right so shal I til Antropos me sleth
For whele or woo her faithful may be foundy
Vnto my last, like as my hert is boundy

To loue as wel as didy Achilles
Vnto his laste the fair Polixene
Or as the grete famous Heraules
For dyanyre that felte the shott kene
Right so shal I saye right as I mene
Whyle that I lyue, her loth drede and serue
For lack of mercy though she do me sterue

Now lady venus to whom nothing vnknowe
Is in the world hid/ne nought may be
For ther nys thing neither hye ne lowe
May be conceyled from your priuete.
Fro whom my meyning is not now secree.
But wite fully that myn entent is true
And lete my trouthe now on my peyne rue

For more of grace than of presumpcion
I aye mercy/and no thing of dute
Of lowly humbles/with oute offencion
That ye enclyne of your benygnyte
Your audience vnto my humylyte
To graunte me that to you I clepe & calle
Sum day relees yet of my peynes alle

And sith ye haue the guerdon and the mede
Of alle louers plenly in your honde
Now of grace and pyte take ye hede
Of my distrees/that am vnder your londe
So lowly bound/as ye wel vnderstonde
In that place where I tolte first my wounde
Of pyte suffre ye my helth may be sounde

That liche as she me hurte with a sighe
Righe so with helth late me hur sustene
And as the stremes of her eyen brighe
Whylom my hert with woundes sharp & kene
Thurgh persed haue and yet be fresh & grene
So as she me hurte, lete her me socoure
Or ellis certayn I may not long endure

For lack of speche I can say you no more
I haue mater but I can not pleyne
My witte is dull to tel al my sorr
A mouth I haue, And yet for al my peyn
For want of wordes I may not now atteyn
To tel half, that doth my hert greue
Mercy abydyng, til she me list releue

But this the effect of my mater fynal
With deth or mercy relees for to fynde
For hert body thought lyf lust and al
With al my reson and al my ful mynde
And fyue wittes of on assent I bynde
To her seruyse with oute ony stryf
And make her princesse of my deth or lyf

And now I pray of wuth and eke pyte
O goodly planet, O lady venus bright
That ye your sone of his depte
Cupide I mene that with his dredful myght
And with his brond that is so clere of light
Her herte so to fyre and to marke
As ye me whylom brent with a sparke

That euenlich and with the same fyre
She may be hit, as I now brenne and melte
So that her herte be flamed with desire
That she may knowe by feruence how I swelte
For of pyte plainly yf she felte
The self hete that doth myn hert embrace
I hope of wuth she will do me grace

And ther with al venus as me thought
Towardes this may ful benyngely
Gan cast her eye, like as that she wught
Of his disease, and said ful goodly
Sith it is so, that thou so humbly
With out gruchyng our hestes liste obeye
Towardes thyn help I wil anon purueye

And eke my sone Cupyde that is so blynde
He shal be helpyng fully to performe
Your hool desire, that nothing be behynde
Me shal be lefte, so We shal reforme
This pietous cōpleynt, ꝑ maketh the to morne
That she for Whom thau sowlest most in hert
Shal thurgh hur mercy relece al thy smert

Whan she seeth tyme, thurgh our purueaunce
Be not to hasty, but suffre althing Wele
For in abydyng, thurgh lowly obeyssaunce
Lyeth ful redres, of al that ye now fele
And she shal be as trewe as ony stele
To you allone, by our myght and grace
Yf ye list mekely abyde a lityl space

But Understande ye that al her cherising
Shal be grounded Upon honeste
That no Wight shal by ony compacyng
Demen amys of hur in no degre
For neyther mercy, wouth ner pyte
She shal not haue ne take of the non hede
Further than longeth Unto her Womanhede

Be not astonyed of no wilfulnes
Ne not despeyred of this dissolucion
Late reson bridle lust by buxumnes
Without gruchyng or rebellyon
For ioye shal folowe al this passion
For who can suffre torment and endure
Ne may not faylle, but folowe shal his cure

For to sore alle she shal the louey best
So shal I her withoute offencion
By influence enspire in her brest
In honest wyse with ful entencion
For tenclyne by clene affection
Her hert fully on the to haue routhe
Be cause I knowe that thou menest trouthe

Go now to hir where as she stant a syde
With humble chere, and put the in her grace
And al before lete hope be thy guyde
And thaugh that drede wold with the pace
Hit sitteth wel, but loke that thou auace
Out of thyn hert wanhop and despeire
To her presence er thou haue repeir

Though deth be fyn and ful conclusion
Of my request, yet I wyl assaye
And right anon me thought I saye
This Rosul may as I haue memorye
Ful lowly entre in to an oratorye
And kneling a down in ful humble wyse
To sore the goddesse and gan anon deuyse
His pitous quarel with a doleful chere
Sayng right this as ye shall here

The complyent of the May.

Redresse of sowls O Citherea
That with the stremys of thy playsaunt hete
Gladest the mounte of al Cirrea
Where thou hast chosen thy paleys and sete
Whos bright beames ley wesshen and wete
In the ryuer of Elycon the welle
Haue now pyte of that I shal you telle

And not desdayne ye of your benygnyte
My mortal woo O lady myn goddesse
Of grace and bounte & mercyful pyte
Benygnely to helpe and to redresse
And thaugh so be I can not wel expresse
The greuous harmes that I fele in my herte
Haue neuer yet the lesse mercy of my smerte

This is to sayne O cler heuenes light
That neyt the sonne sercled hay your spere
Sith ye me hurte with your dredful myght
By influence of your beames clere
And that I by your seruyse now so dere
As ye me brought in to this maladye
Be ye gracyous and shape ye remedye

For in you hoolly lieth help of al this caas
And knowe best my sorow and al my peyne
For drede of deth, how I ne dar allas
To axey mercy ones, ne me compleyne
Now with your fyre her hert so constrayne
With oute more, or I deye atte leste
That she may witte what is my requeste

Jorge Mayrit

How I no thyngy in al this Worldy desire
But for to serue fully to myy ende
That goodly freshe so Womanly of chere
Without chaunge Whyle I haue lyf & mynde
Andy that ye Woldy suche grace sende
Of my seruyse that she not disdeyne
Sithey her to serue I may not me restreyne

Andy sith that hope me hath yeue hardynes
To loue her best andy neuer to repente
Whylis that I lyue With al my besynes
To drede & serue/thaugh daunger neuer assente
Andy here Vpon ye knowe myy entente
How I haue Wowedy fully in myy mynde
To bey her may/thaugh I no mercy fynde

For in my hert emprynted is so fore
Her shap her forme & al her semelynes
Her port her chere/her godenes more & more
Her Womanhedy andy eke her gentiles
Her trouth/her faith andy her kyndnes
With alle vertues eche set in her degre
Ther is no lack/sauyngy only of pyte

Her sadȝ demenyngȝ of wyl not variable
Of loke benygne/andȝ wote of al plesance
Andȝ exemplayre to alle that wyl be stable
Discrete prudent of wisedom suffisance
Mirrour of witte groundȝ of gouernance
A worldȝ of beaute compassedȝ in her face
Whos persant loke doth thurgh myhert race

Andȝ ouer this wonder secrete andȝ true
A wel of fredome andȝ right bounteous
Andȝ euer encreasyngȝ in vertu newe & newe
Of speche goodly/andȝ wonder gracyous
Deuoidȝ of pride/to poure not despytous
Andȝ yf that I shortly shal not feyne
Saue vpon mercȝ I no thingȝ compleyne

What wonder thy me/though I be with drede
Inly suprisedȝ for to aspen grace
Of her that is quene of womanhede
For wel I wote in so high a place
Hit wil not be/therfore I ouer pace
Andȝ take lowly what wo I endure
Til she of pyte me take to her cure

But one auowe plainly here I make
That whether so he/ she do me lyue or deye
I wil not grucche/ but humbly hit take
And thanke godd and wilfully obeye
For by my trouth my hert shal neuer reneye
For lyf ne deth mercy ne daunger
Of wil and thought to be at her desire

To bey as trewe as euer was andronyus
To cleopatre whyle hym lasteth breth
Or vnto thesbe yong piramus
That was faithful foundd/ til thym deptidd deth
Right so shal I til antropos me sleth
For whele or woo her faithful may be foundd
Vnto my last/ like as my hert is boundd

To loue as wel as didd achilles
Vnto his laste the fair polixene
Or as the grete famous hercules
For dyanyre that felte the shott kene
Right so shal I saye right as I mene
Whyle that I lyue/ her both drede and serue
For lack of mercy though she do me sterue

Moll lady venus to whom nothing vnknowe
Is in the world hid/ne nought may be
For ther nys thing neither hye ne lowe
May be conceyled from your pryuete.
Fro whom my meyning is not moll secree.
But wite fully that myn entent is true
And lethe my trouthe moll on my peyne rue

For more of grace than of presumpcion
I aye mercy/and no thing of dute
Of lowly humbles/with oute offencion
That ye enclyne of your benygnyte
Your audience vnto my humylyte
To graunte me that to you I clepe & calle
Sum day relees yet of my peynes alle

And sith ye haue the guerdon and the mede
Of alle louers pleinly in your honde
Moll of grace and pyte take ye hede
Of my distrees/that am vnder your londe
So lowly bound/as ye wel vnderstonde
In that place where I tolte first my wounde
Of pyte suffre ye my helth may be founde

That liche as she me hurte with a sighe
Right so with helth late me hur sustene
And as the stremes of her eyen bright
Whylom my hert with woundes sharp & kene
Thurgh persed haue and yet be fresh & grene
So as she me hurte, lete her me socoure
Or ellis certayn I may not longe endure

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But this the effect of my mater fynal
With deth or mercy relees for to fynde
For hert body thought lyf list and al
With al my resoy and al my ful mynde
And fyue wittes of oy assent I bynde
To her seruyse with oute ony stryf
And make her princesse of my deth or lyf

And now I pray of wouth and eke pyte
O goodly planet, O lady venus bright
That ye your sone of his depte
Cupide I mene that with his dredful myght
And with his brond that is so clere of light
Her herte so to fyre and to marke
As ye me whylom brent with a sparke

That euenlich and with the same fyre
She may be hit, as I now brenne and melte
So that her herte be flamed with desire
That she may knowe by feruence how I swelte
For of pyte plainly yf she felte
The self hete that doth myn hert embrace
I hope of wouth she will do me grace

And eke with al venus as me thought
Towardes this may ful benyngely
Gan cast her eye, like as that she wought
Of his disease, and said ful goodly
Sith it is so, that thou so humbly
With out gruchyng our hestes liste obeye
Towardy thyn help I wil anon pourueye

And eke my sone Cupyde that is so blynde
He shal be helpyng fully to performe
Your hool desire, that nothing be behynde
Ne shal be lefte, so We shal reforme
This pietous cōpleynt, þ maketh the to morne
That she for whom thau sowlest most in hert
Shal thurgh hur mercy relece al thy smert

Whan she seeth tyme, thurgh our purueaunce
Be not to hasty, but suffre althing Wele
For in abydyng, thurgh lowly obeyssaunce
Lyeth ful redres, of al that ye nowl fele
And she shal be as trewe as ony stele
To you allone, by our myght and grace
Yf ye list mekely abyde a lityl space

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For to fore alle she shal the louey best
So shal I her without offencion
By influence enspire in her breest
In honest wyse with ful entencion
For tenclyne by clene affection
Her hert fully on the to haue routhe
Be cause I knowe that thou menest trouthe

Go now to hir where as she stant a syde
With humble chere, and put the in her grace
And al before lete hope be thy guyde
And though that drede wold with the pace
Hit sitteth wel, but loke that thou arace
Out of thyn hert wanhop and despeire
To her presence er thou haue repeir

And mercy first shal thy way make
And honest meryng afore do thy message
To make pyte in her herte awake
And secretnes to further thy viage
With humble porte to her that is so sage
Shal menes be/and I my self also
Shal the fortune/or thy tale be do

Go forth anon/and be right good of chere
For specheles nothing mayst thou spede
Be good of trust & be no thing in were
Sith I my self shal helpen in this nede
For atte lest of her goodly hede
She shal to the her audience enclyne
And lowe the to her til thou thy tale fyne

For wel thou wost yf I shal not feyne
Withoute speche thou maist no mercy haue
For who that wil of his pryue peyne
Fully be aued his lyf to helpe and saue
He must mekely out of his hert graue
Discure his wound and shewe hit his leche
Or ellis deye for defaute of speche

For he that is in myschief reklees
To seche help I holde hym a wreche
And she ne may thyn hert bryng in pees
But yf thy compleynt to hir hert streche
Woldest thou be cured & wilt no salue seche
Hit wil not be/for no wight may atteyne
To come to hys/yf he list lyue in peyne

Therfore attones go forth in humble wyse
To fore thy lady and lowly kneele a down
And in al trouthe thy wordes so deuyse
That she on the haue compassion
For she that is of so hye renown
In al vertues as queene and soueryn
Of womanhed shal rue on thy payn

And whan the godes this lesson had told
Aboute me so I gan behold
Right so a stoned stode in a traunce
To se the maner and contenance
And al the chere of this woful man
That was of hue dedely pale and wan
With drede suprised in his owne thought

Makyng chere as thaugh he wughe nought
Of lyf ne deth ne What so hym betyde
So moche fere he hadyn on every side
To put hym forth to tel his peyne
Unto his lady, other to compleyne
What Woo he felt torment or disese
What dedely sorwe his hert dide sese
For wuth of Whiche his Wo as I endite
My penne I fele quakeyn as I Wryte
Of hym I hadyn so grete compassion
For to rehyrce his Weymentacion
That Unnethe, though I With my silf stryue
I Wante comyng his peynes to discryue
Allas to Whom shal I for help calle
Not to the muses for cause they ben alle
Help of right in Joye andyn not in Woo
Andyn in matiers that they delite also
Wherfore they nyl as nowe directe my style
Nor me enspiren Alas the hardyn Whyle
I can no further but to the siphon
Andyn to her fuster to calle help Upon
That be goddesses of torment andyn peyne
Nowe lete your teris in to myn Inke reyne

With woful wordes my paper for to blotte
This woful mater not to peynt, but spotte
To tel the maner of this dredeful man
Upon his complaynt whan he first began
To tel his lady whan he gan declare
His hidy sowlis, and his euel fare
That at his herte constreyned so sore
The effect of whiche was this without more

Princesse of yougth & flour of gentilesse
Ensample of vertu ground of curtesye
Of beaute wte quene and eke maistres
To alle women how they shal hem gye
And sothfast mirrour to ensemplifye
The right way of port and of womanhede
What I shal saye, of mercy take ye hede
Besechyng first vnto your hye nobles
With quakyng hert of my inward drede
Of grace and pyte & not of right wysnes
Of verrey routhe to help in this nede
This is to say O wel of goodly hede
That I ne vekke thaugh ye do me deye
So ye list first to heren what I seye

The dredeful stroke the gret force and might
Of god cupide that noman may rebelle
So mwardly thurgh out myn hert right
Y pretend hath that I ne may counsele
Myn hid wound ne I ne may apele
Unto no gretter/this mighty god so faste
You to serue hath me bound Unto my laste

That hert and all with out stryf ar yolde
For lyf or deth to your seruyse allone
Right as the goddesse myghty venus wolde
To for her mekely whan I made my mone
She me constrayned without chaunge anone
To your seruyse and neuer for to fayne
Wherso euer ye list to do me ease or payne

So that I ay no thing but mercy aye
Of you my lady/and chaunge for no newe
That ye list godely to fore er that I dye
Of verray routhe upon my paynes rue
For by my trouthe/and ye my peynes knewe
What is the cause of myne aduersite
On myn desese ye wolde haue pyte

For vnto you trewe and eke secre
I wil be founde to serue as I best can
And therwith al as lowly in eche degre
To you be allone as euer yet was man
Vnto his lady from the tyme I began
And shal so forth withouten ony slouth
Whylis that I lyue, by god & by my trouth

For leuer I had to deyen sodenly
Than you offende in any maner wyse
And suffre paynes inward priuely
Than my seruyse as now ye sholdy dispyse
For I right nought wil aye in no wyse
But for your seruaunt ye wolde me accepte
And whan I trespace, goodly me correcte

And for to graunte of mercy the prayer
Only of grace and womanly pyte
From day to day that I myght here
You for to plese, and therwith al that ye
Whan I do mys, list for to teche me
In your seruyse how that I may amende
From henforth and neuer you offende

For vnto me it doth ynough suffyse
That for your may ye wol'dy me vesseyue
Fully to dey as you lyst deuyse
And as ferforth as my wittes can conceyue
And therwith al liche as ye preue
That I be true, to guerdone me of grace
Or ellis to punysshe after my trespace

And yf so be that I may not atteyne
Vnto your mercy, yet graunte at the leste
In your seruyse for al my wo and peyne
That I may deyey after my behheste
This is al and som the fyn of my request
Outher with mercy your seruaunt to saue
Or mercyles that I may be begraue

And what this lenyane of her entent true
Conceyued hath the complepnt of this may
Right as the fresh rody Rose newe
Of her colour to wayen she began
Her bloody astoned so from her herte ray
In to her face of verray femynyte
Thurgh honest drede abasshed was she

And humbly she began her eyen caste
Towardes hym of hir benygnyte
So that no word by her lippes past
For hast nor drede mercy ne pyte
For so demened she was in honeste
That vnadvysed no thing fro her sterte
So moche of resoy was compassed in her hert

Til atte last of whiche she did abreyd
Whan she is trouthe and meryng did sele
And vnto hym ful goodly spack and seyd
Of your behest and your meryng wele
And your seruyse so faithful aterydele
Whiche vnto me so lowly now ye offre
With al my herte/ I thanke you of your profre

That for so moche your entent is sette
Only in vertu y bridled vnder drede
Ye must of right nedis fare the bet
Of your request/and the better spede
But as for me I may of womanhede
No further graunte to you in myn entente
Than as my lady venus wil assente

For she wel knoweth I am not at my large
To wory right nought but by her ordynance
So am I drowndy vnder her dredeful charge
Her lyste obeye withoute variaunce
But for my parte so hit be pleasaunce
Onto the goddesse for trouth in your empryse
I you accepte fully to my seruyse

For she my herte hath in subiection
Whiche holly is youres & neuer shal repente
In thought ner dede in myn election
Witnes on venus that knoweth myn entent
Fully obeye hir dome and Jugement
So as hir liste disposen and ordeyne
Right as she knoweth the trouth of vs tweyne

For vnto the tyme that venus list prouyde
To shape a way for our hertis ease
Bothe ye and I mekely must abyde
To take at gree/and not of our disease
To gruche agayn til that she list appease
Our hidy woo so July that constreyneth
From day to day and our hertis peyneth

For in abidyng of woo and al affraye
Who so can suffre is found remedye
And for the leste ful ofte is made delaye
Et men be heled of their maladye
Wherfore as venus list this mater to gye
Let vs agreen, and take al for the best
Til her liste, sette bothe our hertes in rest

For she is that bynd eth and can constreyn
Hertes in one, this fortunate planete
And can relece louers of her peyn
To turne fully her bitter in to swete
Now blissful godes doun fro thy sterry sete
Vs to fortune cast your stremes shene
Lyke as ye knowe, that we trouth mene

And therwith al as I myn eyen caste
For to perceyue the maner of these tweyne
To fore the goddesse mekely as they paste
Me thought I sawe with a goldyn cheyne
Venus, anon embrace and constreyne
Her bothe hertes in one, for to perseuere
Whilis that they lyue, and neuer to disseuere

Seyngh right thus with a lenygne chere
Sith it is so, ye be vnder my myght
My wil is thus, that ye my doughter dere
Ful accepte this may as it is right
Vnto your grace anon here in my sight
That euer hath bey so lowly you to serue
Hit is good skil your thank that he deserue

Your honour saue and eke your womanhede
Hym to cherisshe, hit sitteth you right wele
Sith he is bounde vnder hope and drede
Amyd my cheyne that forged is of stele
Ye must of mercy shape that he fele
In yow som grace of his longh seruyse
And that in hast lik as I shal deuyse

This is to sayn that ye takeyn hede
How he to you most faithful is and true
Of al your seruaunces, & nothing for his mede
Of you ne asketh, but ye on hym rue
For he lowed hath to change for no newe
For lyf ne deth, for ioye ne for peyne
Ay to be yours, so as ye list ordeyne

Wherfore ye muste or els it were wrongh
Onto your grace fully hym receyue
In my presence/by cause he hath so longh
Hooly bey yours/as ye may conceyue
That from your mercy/yf ye hym weyue
I wyl my silf recorden cruelte
In your persone/andh gret lack of pyte

Late hym for his trouth fynde thay agayn
For longh seruyse/guerdon hym with grace
Andh late ye pyte weye doun his payn
For tyme is now daunger to arace
Out of your hert/andh mercy in to pace
Andh loue for loue worldh wel beseme
To yeue agayn andh this I plamly deme

Andh as for hym I wil bey his borowe
Of lowlihede andh besy attendance
How he shal be bothe eue andh morowe
Ful diligent to doon his obseruance
Andh euer abaytynghh/you to do playsance
Wherfore my sone/listen andh take hede
Fully to beye/as I shal the rede

And first of all my Will is that thou be
Feithful in hert and constant as a Wall
True humble, mek and therwith al secre
With out change in partie or in all
And for no torment that the fallen shal
Tempest the not, but euer in stedfastnes
Rote thyn herte, and hyde doublenes

And furthermore haue in reuerence
These Women al for thy lady sake
And suffre neuer that men hem do offence
For loue of one, but euermore Undertake
Hem to defende Whether they slepe or Wake
And ay be redy to holden them party
Ayenst all tho that to hem haue enuye

Be curtais ay and lowly of thy speche
To riche and pure ay fresh & Wel besey
And euer besy Weyes for to seche
Alle true louers to rekke of her peyn
Sith thou art one, & of no Wight haue disdeyn
For loue hath power hertes for to daunte
And neuer for cherising, the to muche auaunte

Be lusty eke loyd of all tristesse
And take no thought but euer be iocund
And not to pensif for none heynes
And with thy gladnes, lete sadnes ay be found
Whan woo approchedh, lete mirth most habound
As manhod apid, and though ÿ sele smert
Late not to many knowen of thyn hert

And alle vertues besily thou sue
Vices eschewe for the loue of one
And for no tales thyn hert not remewe
Word is but wynd that shal soon ouergoon
What euer thou here be domb as ony stoon
And to answere to sone, not the delyte
For here the standeth that al this shal ÿ quyte

And wherther thou be absent or in presence
None others beauté lete in thy hert myne
Sith I haue yeue hir of beaute excellence
Aboue al other in vertu for to shyne
And thynke hou in fyre mey ar wont to fyne
This pured gold to put hit in assaye
So to the proue, thou art put in delaye

But tyme shal come thou shalt for thy suffrance
Be wel apaid and take for thy mede
Thy lyues ioye and al thy suffisance
So that good hope alway thy bridel lede
Lete no dispeir hynder the with drede
But ay thy trust vpon her mercy grounde
Sith none but she may thy sowle founde

Eche hour and tyme, weke, day and yere
Be liche faithful and vary not for lyte
Abide a whyle and than of thy desire
The tyme neygheth that shal the most delyte
And late no sorow in thy hert byte
For no differing, sith thou for thy mede
Shal vioyse in pees the flour of womanhede

Thinke how she is this worldis some & light
The sterre of beaute the flour eke of fairnes
Both hop and rote and eke the rubye bright
Hertes to glade, & troubled with derknes
And how I haue made her, thy hertes empresse
Be glad therfore to be vnder her hond
Now come ner doughter & take him by the hond

Unto this syn that after alle these shoures
Of his torment he may be glady and light
Whan by your grace ye take hym to be yours
For evermore anon here in my sight
And eke I wil also as hit is right
Without more his langour for to lysse
In my presence anon that ye hym kysse

That ther may be of al your old smertis
A ful relees under ioye assured
And that one lok be of your hothe hertis
Shet with my keye of gold so wel pured
Only in signe that ye haue treated
Your hool desire here in this hoolye place
Within my temple now in the yere of grace

Eternally be bounde of assurance
The knot is knyt, that may not be unbounde
That alle the goddes of this alliance
Saturne, Joue, and Mars as it is founde
And eke Cupyde that first did you wounde
Shal here record, and ouermore be wreke
On whiche of yow, his trouth first breke

So that by aspectes of their fair lokis
Withoute mercy shal fal the vengeance
For to be raced clene out of my lokis
On whiche of you be found of variance
Therfore attones setteth your plesance
Fully to bey whyle ye haue lyf and mynde
Of one acorde vnto your lyues ende

That yf the spirite of newfangleness
In ony wyse your hertes wold assayle
To meue or stye to bringe in doubleness
Upon your trouth to gyuen a batayle
Lete not your corage ne your force fayle
Nor none assaultes you flitten or remeue
For vnassayed no man may trouth preue

For whyte is whitter yf it be set by black
And swete is swetter after bitterness
And falshed euer is dryue and put a back
Where trouthe is proued with out doblenes
Without preue ther may be no sekernes
Of loue or hate and therfore of you two
Shal loue be more, for hit was bought with woo

And every thing is hadde more in deynte
And more of pris When it is dere bought
And eke loue stondeth more in sekerte
When it is to fore With payne Woo & thought
Conquerdde Was first When hit Was sought
And every conquest hath his excellence
In his pursute as it fyndeth resistence

And so to you more sote and agreable
Shal loue be foundde I do you plainly assure
Without gruchyng that ye Were suffrable
So lowe so meke patiently to endure
That al attones I shal do now my cure
For now and euer your hertis so to bynde
That nought but deth shal the knot vnbynde

Now in this mater What shold I lenger dwelle
Come ye attones and do as I haue saidde
And first my doughter that ar of bounte Welle
In hert and thought be glad & Wel apayde
To done hym grace that shal & hath obeyde
Your lustes euer/and I Wil for his sake
Of trouth to you be bounde and vndertake

And so forth within presence as they stand
To fore the godes this fair and wele
Her humble seruant tokke goodly by the hond
As he to fore her/mekely did knele
And kyssed hym after fulfillyng euerdele
From poynt to poynt in ful thryfty wyse
As ye to fore haue venus herd deuyse

Thus is this man to iope and al plesance
From heynes and from his peynes olde
Ful reconcyled/and hath ful suffisance
Of her that euer ment wel/and wold
That in good faith and I tel shold
The inward mirthes did her hertis brace
For al my lyf to telle/it were to lityl space

For he hath wonne hir that he loueth best
And she to grace hath take hym of pyte
And thus her hertes ben both set in rest
Withoute chaunge or mutabilite
And venus hath of her benygnyte
Confermed al what shal I lenger tary
These tweyne in one and neuer to vary

That for the iope in the temple aboute
Of this acorde by grete solempnyte
Was laude and honour within & without
Yeue to venus, and to the deyte
Of gody cupide, so that Caliope
And al her sustren in her armonye
Soon with songes the goddes didy magnifye

And al attones with notes loudy & sharp
They didy her honour and her reuerence
And Orpheus amongy them with his harp
Gay strynges touche with his diligence
And Amphiony that hath suche excellence
Of musyke ay dyde his besynes
To plese and queme venus the goddesse

Only for cause of the affinyte
Betwix these two not lusty to disseuere
And euery louer of lowe and hye degre
Gay venus pray fro thens forth and euer
That hool of them the loue may pseuere
Withouten ende in suche wyse as they gonne
And more encrece that hit of hardy was wonne

And with the noyse ay heuenly melodye
With that they made in her armonye
Thurgh out the temple for this mans sake
Out of my slepe anon I dyde awake
And for astonyed knewe as tho no wede
For sodeyn chaunge oppressed with drede
Me thought I was cast in a traunce
So clene away was tho my remembrance
Of alle my dreme, wherof gret thought & wo
I had in herte and nyst what was to doo
For heuynes for that I had lost the sight
Of her that I al the longe nyght
Had dremed of in myn aduision
Wherof I made grete lamentacion
Be cause I had neuer in my lyf before
Sawe none so fair sith that I was born
For loue of whom so as I ay endyte
I purpose here to make and to wryte
A stryl tretyse and processe make
In prye of women only for her sake
Hem to comende as it is stryl and right
For her godenes with al my myght
Prayng to her that is so bounteuous

So ful of vertu and so gracyous
Of Womanhede and mercyful pyte
This symple treatyse for to take in gre
Til I haue leyzer Vnto her hye venoun
For to expound my forsaid visioun
And tel in playn the signefyaunce
As it cometh to my remembraunce
So that her after my lady may hit loke
Now go thy way thou litil rude boke
To her presence as I the comande
And first of all thou me recomande
Vnto hir and to her excellence
And pray to hir/hit be non offence
Yf ony word in the be myssaid
Besechyng her/ she be not ayl a paid
For as her list I wil the efte correcte
Whan that her liketh agein ward the directe
I mene that benygne and goodly of face
Now go thy way and put the in her grace

Explicit the temple of glas

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